

Bozart

The Bi-Monthly Poetry Review

Edited by ERNEST HARTSOCK



JULY-AUGUST

1929

Box 67, Sta. E

Atlanta, Ga.



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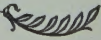
CRITICIZING CRITICS

Now that literature has become the most popular political sport, everybody is either writing a poem, publishing a novel, or reviewing a biography. It's hard to tell which are worse, the poems or the novels, or the book reviews. But among our prize exhibits are ex-President Coolidge who announces that he will devote the remainder of his talents to writing his memoirs; in all due respect to his English which is decidedly freshmanly (especially when compared to the superb prose of Lincoln and Wilson), we know now why he kept his mouth shut while he was President. . . . Which reminds us for no good reason that a recent poll of "Favorite Poems" revealed the fact that Mister Hoover's pet from the realms of litrachoor is a poem by Edgar Guest on *Fishin'*! (That has a political sound!) Mr. Hoover's second choice is another poem by Mr. Guest, also on *Fishin'*! . . . Really, how did Mr. Hoover get all this publicity about being a college man?

Professor Jay Hubbell at Duke University, who is editing *American Speech*, recently wrote a book which we'd like to recommend to our illustrious presidents, also to our illustrious book-reviewers, most especially to those on the newspapers; the book is called *The Enjoyment of Literature*, but it deals chiefly with critics and criteria of good taste. . . . And Duke University reminds us that Allen Tate recently took very considerable exception in a published letter to the *Archive* because Howard Mumford Jones romped on Mr. Tate's verses. We feel that probably Mr. Jones was right in pointing out some vague and obscure points in Mt. Tate's verses, but we feel, to balance the matter, that Mr. Tate was right in accusing Mr. Jones of being rather too practical-minded as a critic. In common with our friend, Edward Davison, Mr. Jones is a rigid and honest judge, but one cannot help wondering what either of these distinguished young gentlemen would do to poor Shelley if they ran across "life like a dome of many-coloured glass" in a book by a young and unknown poet. . . . What! Why is life like a dome? (Mr. Cabell says it's like a Church Steeple). And how can glass be many-coloured? And isn't this Shelley person overstating the fact? . . . Mr. Davidson recently said that "understatement is the essence of most great poetry." . . . On the contrary, perhaps it is the restraint which consummate art imposes, which Mr. Davison means instead of "understatement." The English are famous, however, for their tendency to understate.

Well, too much cannot be said in favor of critics who speak their mind and have a mind to speak. For that reason we were glad to notice in a recent issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature* an article which rather handed us moderns some food for cogitation; it had to do with the supercilious attitude of the contemporary critic toward the past, especially toward the Victorian generation. Of course, of course. But we hope too many aristocratic literary ladies in Carolina didn't read that issue. (We wonder if they're reading this one?)





RESIDUE

Over the sugar pour liqueur
And burn it, there remains to you
An aromatic residue
Fit for the jaded connoisseur—
Sophisticated, bitter and brown,
Touched by the lambent, hovering fire
To what his palate may require,
With cafe noir to wash it down.
So may affection, of a surety,
Under your satire's flickering play
Be unconsumed, yet fallen away
From its first crystalline purity.
—GRACE STONE COATES.

THE SCYTHES ARE SHOULDERED

The scythes are shouldered; in the gloam
Lie sheaves in golden disarray,
And daisies fade like barques of foam
Beached by the tidal wave of day.
The scythes are shouldered; soon the birds
Will seek their nests among the grain;
Will seek, with little drowsy words,
The nests they will not find again.
The scythes are shouldered from the swath,
Against the marching of the years.
What matters then a flower's death?
What matters still a bird's brief tears?
—MAUD E. USCHOLD.

GREAT MEN

Men in the tall buildings
with the many offices
are big men.
They speak brusquely
and sometimes impolitely
to clerks and clients. . . .
But, away from the tall buildings,
in their suburban homes,
they quarrel with dieting wives
and tell love lies
to faded boudoir flowers.
—P. H. ROHM.

LEAVEN

The Reverend Ambrose Breck long loved to preach
Of godly wrath and wield with lingual vim
A dire, Edenic sword, presaging grim,
Tartarean tortures for the merest breach
Of right and stretching Satan's taloned reach.
Weekly his congregation trudged with him
Through dry savannas down to Sheol's brim
And viewed its aspects through his sulphurous
speech.

And then one torrid night in a crooked path,
The blameless Ambrose, somehow, tripped and fell,
A moment blinded by a passing Circe.
And always afterward not holy wrath
But love imbued his sermons; slighting hell,
He preached a God of wide, unending mercy.

—MARY J. ELMENDORF.

TO NINA MARIAN

When I am dust and all the things I've said
Are long forgotten, still the empty air
Late in the night will know the quiet tread
Of marching men with thorns wound in their hair
You will not hear my brethren on their way.
Only the troubled dreamers of the night,
Rising from sleep, will hear these marchers say,
"Arise, arise, ye laggard sons of light!"

Sleep well, my lady, you need never fear
The songs of men who wander towards the dawn.
Let the faint music move upon your ear,
Only a moment and the voice is gone.
You do not hear the breaking of the husk,
Torn from the hollows of my heart at dusk.

—HERBERT R. SOUTHWORTH.

TO ?
(*En passant*)

I can not name what space it was
(so very brief and rapturous)
when my starved eyes found banquet in your own.
We spoke no word.
Nor is it likely we shall meet again
this side of death.

—MONROE HEATH.

MICROCOSMS

A growing lump close to my nail commences
To show a felon's ominous red shape.
Some crucial feud, too subtle for my senses,
Some drama of disaster and escape,
Is raging in these hidden, stormy regions
Of cellular conspiracy and skill.
Within this finger I call mine, vast legions
Of leucocytes and microbes, massed to kill,
Fight fluently for forts in blood and tissues,
For banners in corpuscular domains. . . .
Who knows what mammoth flesh enfolds the
issues,
The battles, that breed mortal pride and pains?
Who, world around, has wit enough for telling
If any war, of all the ghastly sum
Men have endured, was more than a mere swelling,
An ulcer, on some Brobdignagian thumb?
—LORI PETRI.

ROOM 137

Each in his separate cubicle
of austere and unpliant fate
remains alone and terrible,
inviolably insulate.

Each in his armor, bright and stern,
confronts the dark, nor bends his eyes
to those far altar-heights where burn
elusive balefires of surprise.

We are the captives of our fears:
Quick! Let us loose the barrier gate
lest arms grow cold beneath the years
or lips perform their rite too late!
—CLIFFORD GESSLER.

SMALL PORTRAIT

I marvelled how a spirit, wounded prematurely
As his had been, bled not . . . until years after
I discovered that he sealed his wounds so surely
With the slender styptic of his laughter!
—GEORGE WITTER SHERMAN.

THE FATHER

Well . . . he's come back, this younger son of
mine . . .

And something in his penitence betrays
He had been guardian of fouler swine,
Before those latter days . . .

For there is something furtive sliding under
His speech . . . he sits and twists his ring around
And stares at it. My son was lost . . . I wonder
Is he so truly found?

Oh I am glad I did not hesitate
To run and clasp him hard in my embrace . . .
Still, it is rather more than fortunate
He could not see my face!

—SARA HENDERSON HAY.

SOCIOLOGICAL

Unmindful of monotones,
Body changes
Beyond the seasons
Of Nile or Ganges.

The Mississippi
Past the stark
Cities of capitalism
Thread the dark . . .

Incidental human welfare,
Godawful now,
Rests on the
Proletarian brow.

—NORMAN MACLEOD.

QUEST

I peered in every casement
In every house in town,
I searched from beam to basement,
I scurried up and down;

I sought in haughty places
And knocked at humble doors,
I looked in all the faces
And saw no one's but yours.

—GILBERT MAXWELL.

FEVER—CALLED LIVING

We who are dung are cindered together merely
By something which is sinister that sings
Implacably and bitterly and purely
Through trumpet narrowbones. Our sufferings

Are only charcoal opaled with the vocal
Midget intensity of flame. We are
Staccato as dry twigs. Death cracks a knuckle
And it is we, raped in vernacular.

The terrible soliloquy of lust
Autumns us, for eloquence is sere:
We are the toast burnt to a brittle crust
By ichor's bright abominable fire.

Doctors of Physic hug the caustic pulse
And shake the horny apoplectic head;
Who feels the electric wrist of icicles
Can pop their joints and gibber at the dead.

Our dome of many-colored prisms
splinters
In each dynamic raindrop. Cataclysms
Attend with popcorn crash corroded winters.
Turbines of stars shudder with crystal schisms.

The cracked egg spills milleniums of fluid.
Blood's rhythm crisps the cardiac castanets.
Time's squirrel clicks the kernels till the Druid
Torches the yew. Nothing rots like regrets.

—ERNEST HARTSOCK.

THE REBEL

I will not bow nor yet be bound
As shall the wheat when it is ripe.
My cruelty and innocence
Defy allotment into type.

The legions of the silver wheat
Go down to meet a lowly need;
Still stands a dauntless oriflamme,
The ragged brilliance of the weed.

I drink the dew of loneliness
But I survive because I dare
Refuse the glory of the grain
To be the green and living tare.

—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON.



ARROWS OF DESIRE

You tell me of your Roman land,
The ages' pledge and pawn:
And what the centuries have said
In drum-fire to the dawn—
But I can tell you other things,
That are not *used* rememberings!

Oh I can tell you of its soul,
And where a long road ends;
Of Parthenon my eyes saw not
But which my sword defends!

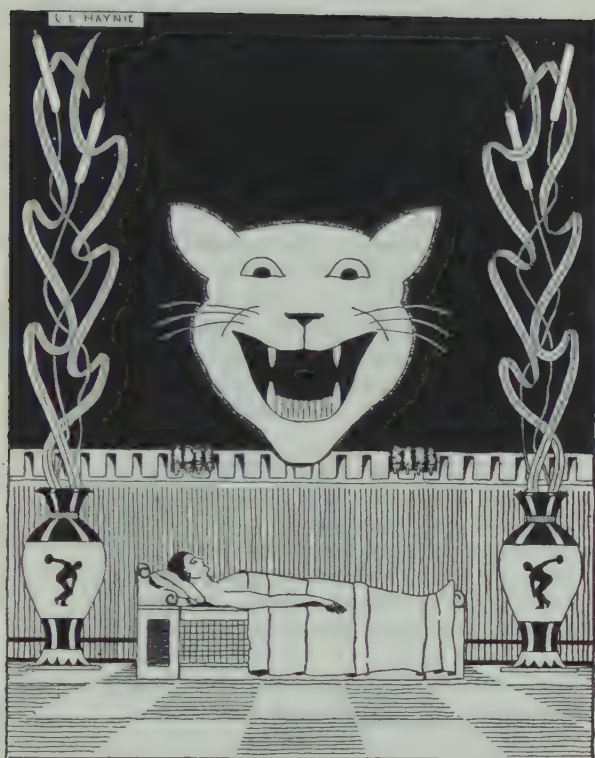
You tell of Caesar and conquest,
Tales finished, yet they yield;
But with Rome's legions I have fought
On today's field!

Eternal things are yours to own,
In Roman sorrow, song—
No exile from your Roman land
Would grant me exile wrong!
You name your hunger of the heart—
To have known bread *is bread* apart.

You tell of purple victories,
For army, church and fleet;
Sometimes a whiter stone will mark
The rank and file's defeat.

You lived so near a Roman sea
Veins recollect each tide—
Beneath three handfuls of her earth
I have not died!

—VIRGINIA STAIT.



CAT

I had suffered over-long the music
Of his breathing, till I fell to keeping
One eye open during nights and grew sick
Fearing he might one hour find me sleeping.

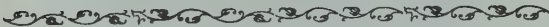
An unseen force brought an electric spark
From each black brittle hair in lightning haste.
His green orbs flashed gold, glowing in the dark—
I heard the scrape of sharp claws when he paced.

Forgetting his possession of nine lives,
I seized him where he pastured on my breath
One night with cobra tail and teeth like knives,
And let my fingers collar him with death.
I then cut off his tail behind his head,
And with it fertilized my flower bed.

—MAX AUBREY GOODLEY.



TO STONE MOUNTAIN



Monster of granite, tiger of old pain,
A sphinx the aeons carve with storm and rain,
What elemental riddles linger deep
Within your massive, monumental sleep?
What tyrannis to black man and to red?
What tales of futile wars and heroes dead?
What pageantry of Spanish cavaliers
To founts of youth that overflowed with tears?
What secrets of some paleolithic race
Lie graven on your water-wrinkled face?

If only Orpheus had his wheedling lute
To make articulate with song your mute,
Impassive, sad magnificence. . . . If only
You were not so reticent and lonely,
Drawing your shoulders in a desperate line
From the importunate embrace of pine,
Trees might become your friends . . . and black
 hawks might
Not always trap you in their dark delight,
Nor mercenary men dig at your back
In futile irritations of attack.

Gibraltar of a sea now long forgotten,
Your patchwork ocean made of corn and cotton,
Of billowing hills, white roads and sea-green oaks,
Floats anchored arks that bilge with country
 folks. . . .

Golgotha, not Gibraltar, now you seem
When through the darkness, stealthy as a dream,
A Klan in hooded white ascends your crest
And burns a midnight sunset to the west—
A flaming cross, intolerably red,
A bleeding beacon to the pagan dead. . . .

O speak, stern sanctuary of the stars,
Are you the birthplace of old avatars?
Are you the altar where the eternal Christ
Returning with each age is sacrificed?
Are you this ancient, stalwart sentinel?
Or but some hollow, aching husk of shell

Whence snail long since in prehistoric flight
Has yielded tenancy to homeless night?

Far likelier you are, lone patriarch
In this far world of shadow and of dark
Whose reminiscent stars look back and nod,—
The tombstone of some solitary god. . . .

—ERNEST HARTSOCK.

LAMENT

I shall don a coat of red—
He is dead—
And with silver-buckled feet,
I shall dance upon the street,
As he said;

I shall wear a hat of green
Easily seen—
Like the leaves of flowers laid
On a grave but lately made;
And a mien

To convey to all I see
Who know me
That my husband now is dead,
That I am just what he said
I would be.

—REBEKAH CROUSE CONSTANZO.

FILLING A PITCHER

Water gurgle, water gurgle—
Very hollow, very hollow!
Water bubble, water bubble—
More to follow, more to follow!

Throat is cool, cool, cooler—
Not so bad, not so bad!
Feeling better, brighter, better—
What a wretched throat I had!

Water deeper, water deeper—
Filling pretty nearly up!
Water sweet, sweet, sweeter—
Quit it—not another cup!
Full-up!

—CHARLES BALLARD.

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE

For his return she gathered stars,
Hanging them in the hall,
And with a pounding in her ears
Waited his foot's first fall.

Of hulking steps upon the porch
Was her hopefulness aware,
Of a brushing hand upon the latch,
Of air,—and he was there .

With the former days' vulgarity
In his unlifted hat.
"You might have had a better light,"
He said, and coarsely spat.

—EARL DANIELS.

REUNION

No recognition lighted up his eyes
when we two met again. Yet friendliness
was there, and in his tone the puzzled stress
of one whose groping recollection tries
to gather up the fragments of the past.
And I—my mind was calling up too well
its hateful memories—would never tell
how he and I had met and parted last.

But like a shadow recognition crept
across his face. His willing smile was driven
away before the scalding hat that swept
into his eyes. And then I knew that he,
despite the healing years, had not forgiven
the jagged wound that he had torn in me.

—GLENN RAINEY.

AD FINEM

Why do you tell me that you hate me so?
Your savage railings scorch the very air,
But do not strike my heart with any blow.
My fire is out, and all the hearth is bare.
There must be flame to kindle love or hate,
I have not even ashes in my grate.

—LILIAN SUE KEECH.

DEATH OF A SNAKE GODDESS

Come, terrible sobs of music; threnody
of bitter-wailing sadness, come!—converge
in the black bubble of the night to the
brass thunder of a great symphonic dirge.
Come from the deserts, from the jungles, from the
red

moon!—your Snake Goddess is dead . . .
Come out of the chill shadows in the trails
under the river, up the lean blue arms
of mists to their star-warted fingernails;
lift from the mudbanks where dank swarms
of sweating lizards suck the yellow blood
of beetles; break from the last cries
of virgins on the spits—hurled like a flood
of daggers out into the rise
of purple-bellied silence in the skies.

Come, Dirge, out of the torpid crocodiles that float
like swollen corpses in the glabrous scum
of warm pools creased with moonlight; retch from
the throat

of the gaping boa still tumorous with dead
monkey; come
out of the witch's shark-tooth flute that lashes
the fragile net of rhythm . . . ring in the sweet
tumult of lust and in the guttural crashes
of devil drums! Drip from the gossamer feet
of dancing ghosts! Breathe in the dusty core
of moribund winds that drop from flight
to prick the nerve of restlessness and bore
into the steaming force of jungle night.
Come—Dirge release the yellow hounds of dread
in one last blast of screaming octaves spread
from hell to the moon!—your Snake Goddess is
dead.

—PHILIP M. HARDING.

CONFIDENT

Aware my spirit preened itself for flight,
I questioned thus in anguished doubt: "O soul,
Have you no dread of void beyond the night?"
"My being," it replied, "assures a goal."

—VIRGINIA SPATES.

GOTHIC FARMER

Slowly across the lilac dusk
He drives the plodding team;
The horses move their slow great limbs
Like giants in a dream;
And the fragrant star in his pleasant pipe
Is a steady-twinkling gleam.

The horses' huge deliberate limbs
In the purple dusk are black:
They move as calmly as if they went
To Eternity and back,
Tho he strikes across their shaggy jet
The flat reins with a thwack.

The mighty wagon jolts and bangs
On frozen rut and stone;
But he sits upon his blanket seat
As on a cosmic throne;
And heaven lies with its rich content
Within his belt's vast zone.

Tho Nature is a Yankee now
And cuts the blue days short,
The fallen leaves and frosty air
Provoke no sad retort:
He thinks of the cider and the nuts
And the birds that bring him sport.

Unhurried, powerful, serene,
Down the steep fawn-brown road,
He drives the team from the woods where they
All day drew load on load:
They think of the warm barn and the hay
After toil's episode.

He thinks of the cider's tang that sends
Its fireflies thru the blood;
And the farm-house table like an earth
Heaped with Titan's food;
And there awakens in his mighty heart
The Brobdignagian mood.

November, like a poet of iron,
Has stripped October's trees—
Now all the woods of Gothic flame
Are ashes in the breeze;

But the twilight trees are lavender
Like a mist of Arcady's.

And thru the lilac mist he goes
Like a Titan carved in granite
(Tho his heart is warm and rich and wide
Like the shirt it takes to span it):
His life is a jovial golden sun,
And the earth is but his planet!
—E. MERRILL ROOT.

EXPOSURE

Had you sent me an empty page
I could have guessed the thoughts within
Your heart and smiled, because I know
That love is still where love has been.

But in this studied page you send
Words have been weighed before they drew
The ink from out your shaking pen
And crawled across this space of blue.

It must have taxed you much to do
So delicate a thing; so clear
That its transparency enhanced
The thoughts you did not write, my dear.
—D. MAITLAND BUSHBY.

UNCONQUERED

Then bring sackcloth,
If I wear it
My restive fingers
Will only tear it
From my rebellious limbs,—
I will not sing hymns.

If you bring musty linens
And bind my eyes,
I will see the sunsets
Of forgotten skies:
Bind me and bury me,
Beauty still will marry me.
—BLANCHE WALTRIP ROSE.

BATTLE SONG

Hail, Comrade on life's terrible dark field,
Who suddenly have rallied to my aid,
Flinging your faith before me like a shield,
Shouting defiance at time's ambuscade!
Now we unite who but a moment gone
Stood single at the conquest of our fears.
Two is an army conquering the dawn,
Two is a host to harry down the years.

Let us not question by what chance of war
We are such sudden fellows in the quest,
Victorious now who knew defeat before,
Love, our reveille, trumpets to the west—
Comrades who yield for Beauty their last breath
Shall storm the bulwarked citadels of death!

—ERNEST HARTSOCK.

ARISTOCRAT

She sips life daintily from flowered cups,
Her fingers curving on a silver spoon;
Nibbles at love like one who coldly sups
On bits of green cheese from a gelid moon.
The nicety of linen and of lace,
The crystal sheen of glass are her concern;
And life gives back to her in mirrored grace,
A stately image in a polished urn.

Rich hangings dull the clamour of the years;
The red insistence of a pulsing world
Is drowned in pretty chatter; and the ears,
Deaf to anathemas that gods have hurled
On bric-a-brac, must still subordinate
Earth's cry to click of silver upon plate.

—EDITH MIRICK.

TO A CREEDIST

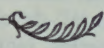
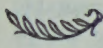
Advise me which were kinder . . .
To be my honest self,
And, nonchalant before you, take
My sins from off their shelf . . .
Or, secretly despairing,
Pretend I'm orthodox,
And join you in your endless praise
Of Luther and John Knox.

—MARION FRANCIS BROWN.



PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

By ERNEST HARTSOCK



Golden Falcon, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin (Macmillan. \$1.50)

With contained yet exultant decision these verses by a well-known illustrator and artist are satisfyingly substantial though lyrical. There is no colossal surge of organ-tone in the slim volume; but there is music consummate in its way, of flute and horn. With quiet craft the figures of speech multiply; generally they carry through the mood admirably. Sometimes the words betray a slightly tenuous attraction for mere loveliness; but in such poems as "The Cock" or "The Ram" there is something of the mystic ardor of Blake, finding with simple temerity the passion of the tiger and the rose.

Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry, edited by Marcus Graham (M. Graham, Box 3, East Farms Sta., N. Y.)

After a number of years of patient toil, this attractively produced compendium of revolutionary sentiment has finally met the light of day. It is all that one would expect of such an ambitious venture, for it contains selections of a humanitarian nature from all of the leading poets of our own and preceding generations in English poetry, in addition to some translations from foreign tongues. The modern poems are in the main provocative and vigorous, though occasionally a poet seems to have been included for his beliefs rather than for his poetic accomplishments. No public or private library, however, should miss the opportunity to possess this distinguished and comprehensive proof of the vision of poets, the lawmakers of the world.

Pheidias, by John Galen Howard (Masmillan. \$2.50)

An accurate, philosophical narrative of the life of Pheidias, the Greek sculptor who died in prison charged with impiety, is this long and rather uninspired effort of John Galen Howard. Without any verbal music whatever, the pentameter lines plod on in academic prose; the verse has almost none of the virtues of poetry. Creditable, however, is the structure of the story and the wealth of historic detail.

5 Poets, an Anthology (Henry Harrison, New York. \$2.25)

Of the five poets represented in this cooperative volume, the outstanding one is evidently Benjamin Musser, whose section entitled "Tapers to St. Beelzebub" is a sardonic contradiction of friends Shakespeare's candle which shone "like a good deed in a naughty world." Musser's work is hilariously sad, grasping at failure always and rather glorifying it. His lines have in some cases both the virtue and the vice of being twisted and brackish, like a salt current in water made

too sweet. . . . Norman Macleod's verse is sometimes successful in epigram and in pictures of the Southwest, but there is an occasional straining for effect which indicates a poet yet in the throes of experiment; Isobel Stone's work is fluent and well-phrased, but it lacks pith and marrow. Edith Mirick's verse is clever but imperfect in structural development; Jewell Miller closes the quintet with acceptable verses, lacking often the vivid phrase, but reasonably diverting except in the longer efforts.

A Second Book of Poems Involving Love, by S. H. Samuels (*Pvt. printed*)

The worst thing about this book is its cumbersome title; for the free verse love effusions are suprisingly full of warmth and glamor and a vigorous passion. Here is esential life, raw and racy; here is humanity in realistic review. Perhaps there is too much of Whitman here; the imitation is not servile, however. Samuels has something of his own to say. And he doesn't hesitate to say it; there is nothing squeamish about him.

Red Heels, by Lexie Dean Robertson (*P. L. Turner Co., Dallas, Tex.*)

Alternating between quietly phrased lyrics of domestic life and somewhat verbose descriptive verse about the Southwest, Mrs. Robertson's volume is rather burdened with simplicity of treatment. Often there is too much sentiment, though there is generally beneath even the more trivial pieces an apparent sincerity of impulse.

Cinderella Cargoes, by George Elliston (*Geo. Sully, New York. \$1.00*)

Without especial distinction of diction, these fragile lyrics by the well-known editor of the *Gypsy*, are brief and gentle expressions of passing emotions. Sometimes there is a poem which gets at loveliness effectively, but too frequently the author over-writes the somewhat tenuous subject-matter which she has chosen, and turns out merely song-lyrics, innocuous and nebulous.

Aromancy, by Faith Van alkenburgh Vilas (*Dorrance & Co. \$1.75*)

Mrs. ilas, whose books are frequently occasions these days, has caught deftly the psychological nuances of odor in her latest book; her style is in need of condensation, especially in her longer poems; oddly enough her shorter verse tends toward too much impressionism.

This Man's Army, by John Allan Wyeth (*Harold Vinal, Ltd. \$2.00*)

A *tour de force* of distinct interest is this group of highly conversational sonnets, light in tone, but well-integrated in plan. The salty, colloquial quality of the sonnets and the action which they imply, reduce the lines of distinguishable poetry to a minimum, but the dexterity of the author with his modified sonnets is surely an amazingly vigorous experiment.

Bowls of Phantasy, by Flora Bishop Hendricks (Robt. Packard Co. \$1.50)

It should be said in favor of Mrs. Hendricks' verse that it is full of a colorful vitality; it is, however, a bit fragmentary and deficient in intellectual marrow. At its best there is a whimsical freshness of words which is charming if not arresting.

Vinal Verse

Several interesting titles among the last volumes published by Harold Vinal, Ltd., before their recent lapse into the hands of trustees, deserve mention. *The Kingdom of Towers* by Allan Dowling contains some pleasingly musical songs, despite the extravagant blurb by Frank Harris. *Blood and Silver* boasts a few well integrated sonnets by Lupton Allemong Wilkinson; they have at times grace and strength, though they are too often derivative. *An Autumn Love Cycle* by Georgia Douglas Johnson, formerly of Atlanta, has a certain amount of feminine felicity in its emotional lyrics; it lacks any deep poignancy, however, and is somewhat unexciting in technique. *Sung at Dawning* by Townsend Miller, age 16, indicates talent which has not as yet escaped the conventions of the past; when it does, we may expect better things. Likewise by a youngster in her 'teens is *Love and After* by Margaret Haynes of South Carolina; it is a very personal book with a laudable sincerity of tone. We hope, now that love is over for Miss Haynes, she can turn her talents to more fruitful endeavors.

A PORTRAIT

Her world is just a six by ten-foot room
With one barred window. Gentle and curious,
Her thoughts weave through her brain, a crimson
loom,

Broken past mending. Quick and furious
She hails each passing vendor. Her voice reaches
And breaks the quiet of the little street.

"O fruitman, fruitman, have you purple peaches?

Milk-boy how much is cider? Is it sweet?

Fish-monger have you angel-fish today?

O bread-man, bread-man, lend me your sharp
knife!"

And thus she cries the certain hours away,
Unmindful that stark grief companions life.
But O to those who watch and wait, there is
No sadder sight in all the world than this.

—JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

SATIRE CONTEST AWARD

The editor regrets to announce that due to the fact that only two satires conforming to the rules of the Satire Contest have been published in the current volume of BOZART, the \$25 award has been withheld; neither of these satires was judged worthy of the award. In general very few entries were received, most of them being totally unsuited to the needs of BOZART; and many of them being outside the published rules governing entries. The editor extends commendation to Ralph Cheyney for his satire "In His Image" published in our May-June issue; a ten-dollar prize of books has been awarded him.

BOZART QUATRAIN CONTEST

Ernest Hartsock, THE BOZART PRESS, announces a prize of \$10 cash and a second prize of \$5 in books, for the best rhymed quatrain published in BOZART during the year 1929.

\$25 FREE VERSE AWARD

Ernest Hartsock, THE BOZART PRESS, offers a cash award of \$25 for the best free verse poem published in Volume Three of BOZART, September-October, 1929, through July-August, 1930. No entries over fifty lines in length will be considered in the award; there are no restrictions as to subject matter. A Second Prize of Bozart Books will also be given.

FLORIDA BOOK PRIZE

As no acceptable poem by a Florida poet was received for the current issue, the Florida Prize of \$7.50 worth of books has been held over, and will be awarded to the best poem by a Floridian in our September-October issue.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Among the interesting newcomers to BOZART in this issue are: Mary J. Elmendorf of Seattle, Washington; Herbert R. Southworth, last heard from in Morenci, Arizona; Lori Petri (Podesta) of San Francisco; George Witter Sherman of Bellingham, Washington; and Persis Greely Anderson of Boston. Edith Mirick, of Washington, D. C., is starting a new poetry magazine to be called STAR DUST. Gilbert Maxwell was recently graduated from Washington, Ga., High School. Virginia Stait (Winifred Russell) resides in Gordonsville, Va. Marion Francis Brown is from Boston; Rebekah Constanzo lives in Fair Oaks, Penna. D. Maitland Bushby, now managing editor of PALO VERDE, is in Falstaff, Arizona; his new book of verse will be issued this fall by the BOZART PRESS. P. H. Rohm has recently moved to Atlanta where with J. N. Oemler, he has opened a progressive bookshop, known as ROHMLER'S. Merrill Root's new book *Bow of Burning Gold* will appear in October.